sudden if I was "into leather." She assumed all gays were. I think her knowledge of contemporary mores came straight from "The Jerry Springer Show." She watched it regularly on the dining room T.V. It was one venue where she was sure to see worse losers than herself.

She would still have sacrificed me to save herself. I learned that one evening when Betty met me on the street and accused me of not giving her a pill from her evening meds. I knew that I'd only given her the dinner-time meds. I had shown her the dosette the way I always did. The dinner-time slot was empty. The evening meds were in the slot beneath it. I never left pills behind, because I always checked.

I went into the House to speak to Gladys. She was in the kitchen, preparing something for herself. I told her what Betty had told me. I asked if I could borrow her keys so I could see myself. I went up the narrow coffee-stained stairs and let myself into the office. The dosette was on the little round table. It was as Betty said. The evening meds were gone except for one tiny pill. I think it was clozapine. I returned Gladys's keys. She told me to remember to sign for Betty's evening meds. I told her I hadn't given her the evening meds. Moreover, I told her what I was sure had happened. She'd given them to her herself and, as usual, not signed for them. She'd also left a pill behind. It was her signature.

Gladys became defensive. She invoked her twenty years